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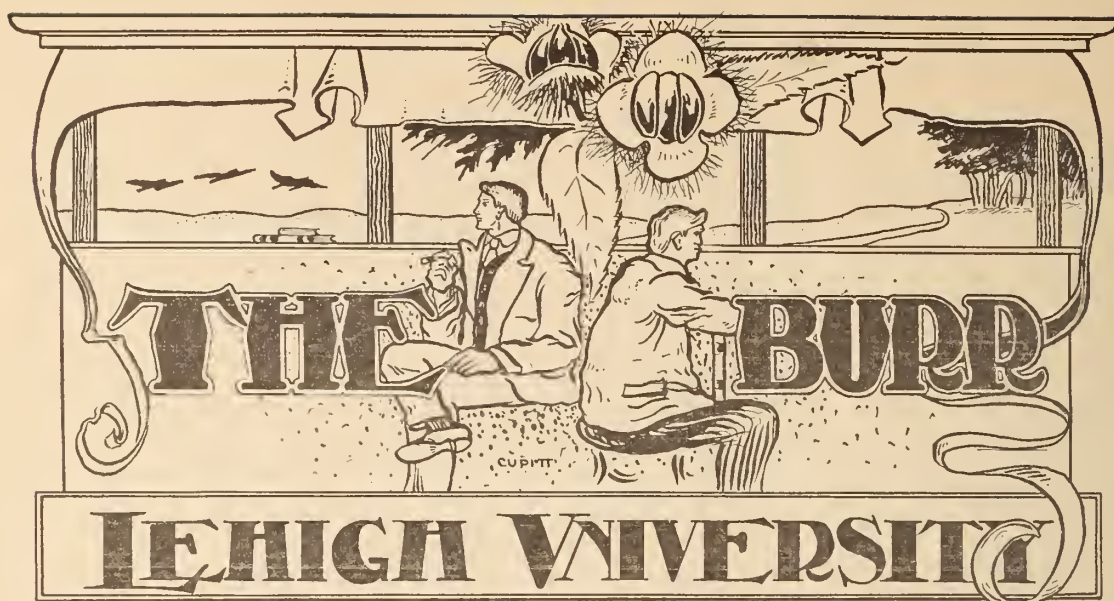
TO THE SENIORS.

Ye noble Seniors, stalwart in the race,
Ye men whose feet have learned well the College pace;
Whose eyes have learned to see and ears to hear;
Ye who have learned to work and ne'er to fear—
To you our lowly homage here we pay
And bid you all Godspeed upon your way.

'Twas four long years ago—how long! how short!
But now they're run and you have reached the port.
And as you backward look each single year
Seems but a day, and days but moments dear.
Yet when the arduous race you first began
This dizzy height looked measureless to man.

The way had thorns, 'twas never wholly smooth:
Some friends were made, some friends were lost: forsooth
Mistakes were made and lessons learned thereby.
Troubles arose, the heart of iron to try:
Some comrades fell: the solid ranks closed in:
Their voices sound no more amid the battle's din.

The time has come for fighting more severe:
For blows that count for more than ever here.
To do in life whate'er your efforts find
You each go forth to bless or curse mankind.
In honest toil, in glory, or in fame,
Bring ever honor to fair Lehigh's name.



Volume I.

June 12, 1905.

Number 10.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

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H. E. STEELE, '07, Business Manager.

F. A. HENRY, '06.
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Address all business communications to H. E. Steele, 471 Vine Street, South Bethlehem, Penna. Copy for change of advertisements must be in the hands of the business manager by the first of the month.

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Eccles. xii. 12.

Editorial.

COMMENCEMENT is here again. Once more it is our privilege to welcome back to the old home campus the alumni of our beloved Lehigh. Incidentally, the frequent pronunciation of the word "aloomini" would lead the simple to believe that our graduates are exclusively engaged in argillaceous metallurgy. But let us thank heaven that the former Lehigh men are engaged in all sorts of capacities and positions. They and their training have penetrated the remotest corners of this and other lands, and are daily demonstrating that Lehigh men are trained to do one thing well, and can incidentally do anything else if they have time to learn. It has almost passed into proverb that "wherever engineering is known, Lehigh is known."

Lehigh is proud of her alumni. And that the feeling is reciprocated, they attest by their attendance at our big games and at commencement. To those who are unable to spend the next few days about the familiar scenes of college days, we send the

THE LEHIGH BURR

assurance that Lehigh is proud of them to the last man. Proud of the work they are doing to advance Alma Mater's name in the annals of the world's work. Upon the favored hundreds who are fortunate enough to get back to her, Lehigh the beautiful, enthroned in majesty upon her dais of emerald, smiles a glad welcome to her loyal sons.



THE HUMBLE EDITOR and his various accomplices have much to be thankful for. Contributions for this issue have flowed in on every hand. This is an encouraging sign. The men of wit and letters are taking an active interest in the paper. We could wish, however, that their efforts had been less concentrated upon favorite topics of the day. Upon the gloriously Franklinesque Cannon we have received no less than four impassioned odes, some of which evidently started out with ambition to be epics. Calculus has been the inspiration of about six spasms of alleged verse, ranging from fiery denunciation to a grovelling submission to Fate as personified in the sign of integration. We shall print a few of these obvious "efforts," just to show the visiting alumni and friends of the college what an interest our litterateurs take in local inventions and higher mathematics.

In order to obviate any further glutting of the literary market with songs of praise upon the subjæct of the day, we shall publish daily quotations upon our bulletin board, showing the exact state of the market in "Gas Cannon Ltd." "Calculus," "Love Ditties," and all other too popular literary stock. Much useful energy can be diverted in this way to more profitable themes. As for the two varieties mentioned in particular, "Requiescat in pace."



NEXT IN value to the success of our graduates, as an advertisement to the value and desirability of a course of study taken here, we count our athletic work as the most active means of acquainting the world with the fact that Lehigh is up and doing. The season of the track team is over, and that of the base-ball team is practically closed. We do not attempt to conceal the fact that these teams have been unsuccessful this spring. Why, we cannot specifically say. We even doubt that their respective captains could lay a finger upon the fatal defect. We believe every man engaged in the sports has done his best to win; that he has shown the invincible Lehigh spirit in the face of defeat.

After all, are athletic contests primarily inaugurated for the purpose of being won? In our humble opinion, they are not. The value of athletic training lies in the training of men's temper and muscle, for the purpose of making them strong, sportsmanlike gentlemen. We have done our best and have lost with a shrug and a smile. The very best that a man or a team can do, is certainly not unworthy of our approval and respect.



THE COLLEGE year brings its round of duties; so does the college vacation. In short, let every Lehigh man make a manly effort to induce some one to attend Lehigh next year, in place of going somewhere else to study. We all know that Lehigh is the ideal engineering school of the United States. It combines excellent laboratory facilities for technical education with the athletic and social privileges of the old-time, not to say obsolete, college of general education. Upon her merits, Lehigh is entitled to the best young men of technical ambition. It is our duty, as students and graduates, to direct them here.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

EVERY COLLEGE MAN enjoys hearing about the customs of other colleges. Sometimes it makes him think. The Enthusiast lately heard of a college very far from here where there was a great deal of class and other politics. There was no dirty politics, though, until the wrong people took a hand in it, and then—oh, my! Even then it was considered bad form if a man moved that nominations be closed as soon as his own name had been proposed for office.

* * *

THE ENTHUSIAST is not in his usually sunny frame of mind. The proximity of examinations has a decidedly depressing effect upon him. However, his vocabulary is enlarged to the extent that he can explain to a small fraction of a thousandth of one per cent. the difference between the words "exemption" and "exclusion."

* * *

THE ENTHUSIAST several times went mad with excitement at the Lehigh-Lafayette track meet. His madness took the form of a settled melancholia before the afternoon finished—time 5:43. On the way to the game he saw a lady standing before one of the posters. She was reading the words "Dual Track and Field Meet." "Duel?" she remarked; "how suggestive." The Enthusiast thought so too till he saw the Lehigh supporters sleeping in rows, while the occasional outbursts of applause died of inanition. We have rather prided ourselves on our loyal support of a losing team, but—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note."

* * *

THE ENTHUSIAST, perusing a copy of our newsy and brilliant semi-weekly contemporary, *The Brown and White*, noticed that among the theses subjects of the Civil Seniors was a proposition to bridge the Lehigh in a novel way. The youthful—we may say almost embryonic—Merrimen conclude to save all hill climbing by running the structure from the highest point of Wyandotte Street to a point on Main Street near the Fem. Sem. The Enthusiast objects to any such arrangement.

In the first place, since the Mustard and Cheese gave its last and greatest performance, Lehigh men have been *persona non grata* at the above-mentioned haven of lovelorn feminine hearts. Hence, where the utility of ending the bridge there? According to careful measurements by THE BURR'S consulting engineer, the proposed bridge will traverse the circumambient atmosphere about twenty feet above the well-worn steps of the Deutsches Gasthaus. Imagine the heartrending sobs of the thirsty as they traverse the imaginary and supposititious bridge and hear the soft and seductive tinkle of brown and white lithia water as it gurgles into the crystal goblets of the building below.

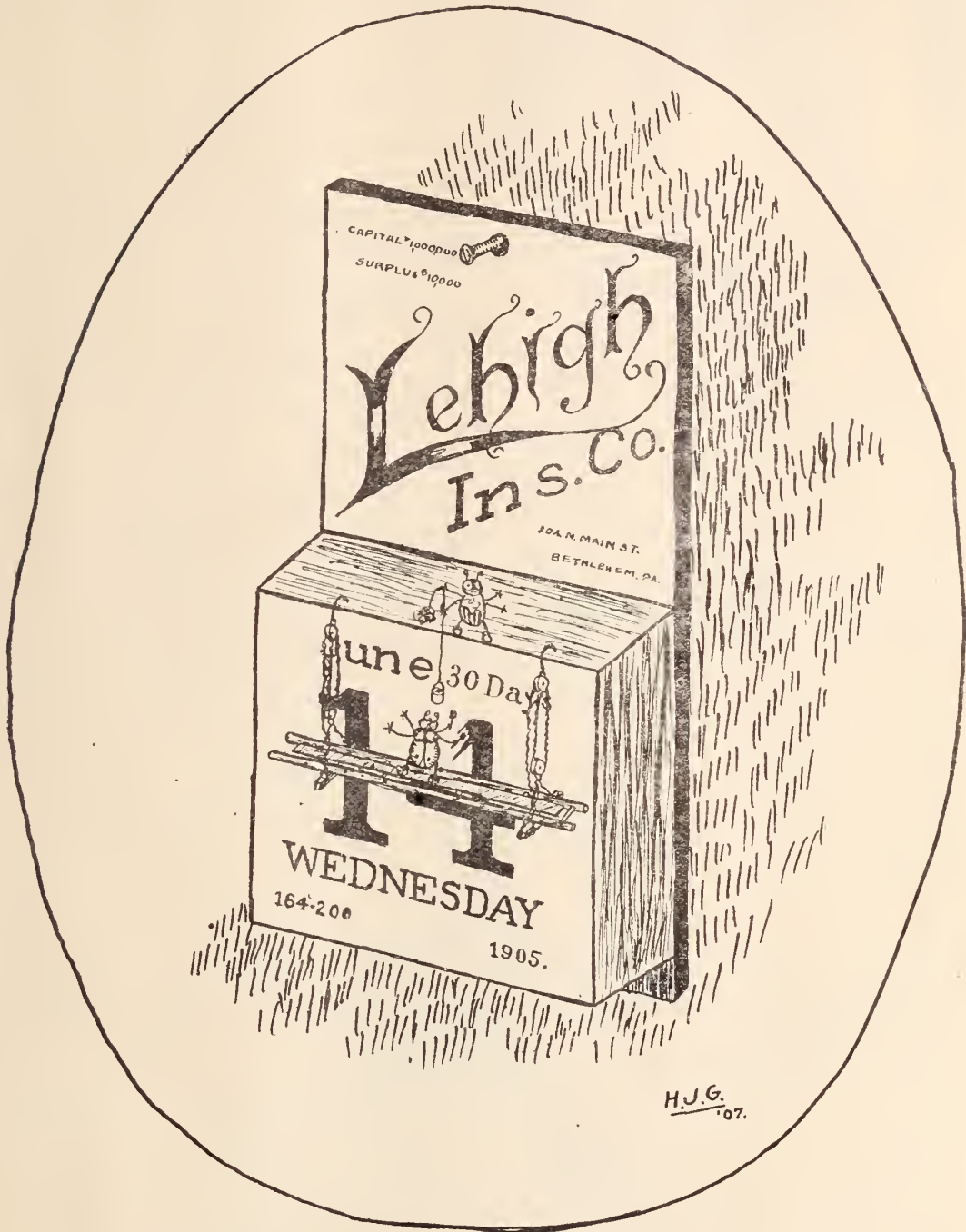
The sponsors of this infamous scheme may well respond that they would be glad to put in a spiral stairway to permit the public, and especially the Arcadia, to descend at will to the well-loved trysting place. Oh yes! descend, but what about ascending? Must each student carry with him a screw-thread diagram of the spiral, and a pocket lantern, that he may sit in Karl's horse-trough for a half-hour, figuring out his pitch before he can ascend the so-called convenience? Out upon such public benefactors! Give us the old way, with a straight, hard road to the pleasant bower of music boxes and convex mirrors. As the thing stands we can usually manage to hit the old Main Street Bridge at a 2:04 pace, even traveling on a curve of sines. But if we have to climb a staircase every time a bluecoat heaves over the horizon the Bethlehem coop will be filled every time we journey over to celebrate a victory.

Mr. Eckhardt promises to throw his ample weight upon our side of the contest.

THE LEHIGH BURR

ILLUSTRATED SONGS.

No. 2.



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

THE LEHIGH BURR



Lehigh Sunday School Class.

Teacher: "See the coin! How very instructive it is. Now Willie, what is the head?"

Willie: "Why—er—she is a peach!"

Teacher: "No! You Johnnie."

Johnnie: "Ah! She is the queen of love and beauty who keeps us from our work."

Teacher: "VERY good, now, can you tell me what 19?? means?"

Johnnie: "Why that is the year in which we really do graduate."

Teacher: "Correct again. The ten stars stand for ten of our professors. Unfortunately several did not qualify."

Willie: "One MUST have been Prof. ——"

Teacher: "Sh—— Willie, think thrice before you speak and then talk to yourself."

Fred: "Willie must be without conditions."

Teacher: "Observe: 'In Lehigh We Bust'—how true—"

James: "Oh! It pains! I am dying!! Help! Help! * * *

Teacher: (running to James) "What is the matter? quick!"

James: (in terror) "I have swallowed—my Mechanics—and my Physics without chewing. T'aint no use lady—I am a gorner. Oh! What can be done? Help!!

Teacher: "Quick, a dose of summer school!"

Hold him down! Don't let him get out into his vacation.

[Confusion. James finally strapped to a shutter and is carried to Packer Hall while the band plays "In the Good Old Summer Time.]"

J. C. D.

❖ ❖ ❖

pv=RT.

Tell me boys, and did ye hear the news that's going round?

Firecrackers are by law forbid, July the Fourth to sound.

No more toy pistols will be used, their noise will ne'er be heard,

For Benny Franklin's made a gun; he says it is a bird.

I met with Billy Burkhart and he took me by the hand

And says he 'This is the limit, if it ain't I will be d——d.'

It's the most distressful state of things that ever came to pass,

For they're hanging all that do not use, the gun that's fired by gas.

And each time that we fire the gun, our tears are freely spilled

How will the doctors keep their jobs, if no small boys are killed?

But the revenge that they will take, if Benny should get ill—

I think he'd better start at once and scribble off his will—

For they will simply fill him up so full of bitter lotion,

That he will evermore regret he ever got the notion

To make the toy gas cannon, that will not harm a boy;

But until that day does come we'll have to use the gol-darned toy.

❖ ❖ ❖

"I got two cuts yesterday."

"Tough luck. How did it happen?"

"I tried to shave in the dark."

THE LEHIGH BURR

COLLEGE NOTES.

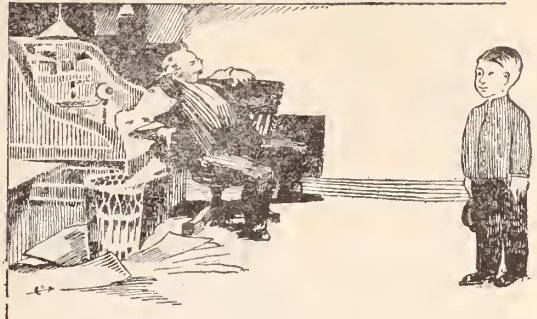
WE have taken the liberty of yanking Time's hoary forelock by extracting the following college notes from The Brown and White of May, 1911:

Hale expects to turn out an unusually strong football team next Fall. Conservative estimates place the salary list alone at \$50,000. It is said that one of the substitutes attends college regularly.

F. P. Baxwell, of Barthmore, is probably the highest paid performer in college athletics today. He is said to receive more than any college president in the country.

Pulaski College, of Weston, Pennsylvania, has signed its clever centre-fielder, "Cy" Perkins, for next season. The contract, it is said, calls for \$2500 a year and tuition, with the option of cash equivalent for tuition.

Owing to liberal donations by alumni, Stucknell College athletics have been placed on a sound financial basis, and strong teams are anticipated in the future. A committee is now looking over the coal mines and boiler shops for football material.



THE WHY.

Boss: "What makes you think you would make a good office-boy?"

Applicant: "I can't whistle a note."

The University of Pencylvania football squad will be reinforced by A. M. Jones, of California. Jones has been engaged in gold mining and recently struck it rich, but he claims football is a more paying proposition.

Lovers of football at the Hub are enthusiastic over the announcement that Starvard will have four stalwart colored waiters from the Hotel Tremont on next year's team. It is claimed that one of them can read and write.

THE
POOR
OLD
SENIOR
SCURRIES
WEST,



SEEKING
NEW
FIELDS
OF
USEFUL-
NESS.



A Frequent Occurrence Whenever Our Track Team Visits a Large City.

PROBLEMS.

Metallurgy Problems! What a host of recollections these magic words bring up. I've been quartered with such puzzles for half a year now. No sooner did I dispose of one phase of the eternal enigma than a new one cropped up. I did my best to keep a length ahead, and I thought I would hold the paece, but—well, well! have you flunked it too? Sit down, friend: have a pipe and let's talk.

We had a faint idea at the start, as I remember, that good knowledge of stoichiometry, physics, algebra, and chemistry, general and physical, might carry us through. But I guess we were dreaming. My conclusion is that these problems are *sui generis*; that a fair knowledge of metallurgy problems, *per se*, is the *sine qua non*. Pardon, my reason has

wandered since the last exam. It's very plain that we can't graduate now, so we may as well give it up and take the job we've arranged for.

Let's see. Every Saturday night you and I have worked one out. Honest, old man, didn't you think all along that we knew what we were about? When we stopped work at 1 o'clock, didn't we feel as though we had earned a good night's rest? Observe this old slide rule. See the brown line along the groove. That came on with the first problem, when the slide flashed back and forth till the wood sizzled and baked, and we had to souse it in water to keep it from blistering our fingers. And all for this.

Well, this is only one phase of the problem of life. We may meet more success in the next one we encounter. A glimpse into the future will not do any harm. We come home from a hard day's work, full of perplexing difficulties, and eat our supper in moody silence, and crawl up to the study to work them out. At 9 o'clock we hear the door creak open and a soft footstep break into our thought. "Ed, dear, haven't you done enough today?" "No, not yet," we answer gloomily. Ten o'clock. "Ed, you don't look well. What is worrying you?" A slender arm steals around our shoulder. We have a vague idea that half the chair is being monopolized. Tired out, we allow our head to sink slowly upon the soft ruffles. The problem is solved. What problem? The problem of this life, the question of what is noblest and best, of what carries us over the roughest road and sustains us when all else of earth is as dust and ashes. The solution of the problem of life is Love.

We'll be old some day, old chum. We shall go to bed for the last time some day. We shall breathe slowly and hard, and our half-deadened senses will be conscious of the dark, warm silence of the sick-room. There will be whispered consultations which we are not meant to hear. There will be low sobbing

THE LEHIGH BURR

about the bedside. But we heed them not. We are thinking of the past, of the things we have done and seen; of the time we have spent in solving the problem of the life hereafter. If we have loved well and worked well; if we have striven, however weakly, for the best and noblest aims, we may enter the examinations with no fear. We may press the hand of the one who has helped us to solve the problem of this life, but we are conscious of a still greater Presence. And as the cool breath of the eternal morning blows the fever from our brow we shall hear the great Instructor of the ages whisper "Passed."



NOBODY'S DARLING

History Repeated.

In the olden time in Spain,
If men chanced to disagree
With the tenets of the See
As propounded by the clergy of the Church,
They were torn upon the rack
Till their bones began to crack
And their minds began to leave them in the
lurch.

Now the rack has gone away—
And we hope it's gone to stay—
But another thing has come to take its place;
True, it does not hurt our bones
Or call forth any groans,
But for using up your mind it's in the race.

The diversion of the sages (?)
Of these enlightened ages
Is to put examinations in the lives of college
men,
And for the downright mental grief,
With no shadow of relief.
There is nothing worse than zero marking on
the scale of ten.

❖ ❖ ❖

PERFECTLY NATURAL.

Lady (hiring servant).—Are you a sharp
housekeeper Bridget?

Bridget (from New York).—I dunno mum,
I've wurked all me loife in flats.

❖ ❖ ❖

QUERY.—Is a thumb-tack always a finger-
nail?"



To the Members of the Amalgamated Association for the Investigation of
Matters in General of Zuzubuland:

YOUR SERVANT, having been instructed to investigate and report upon the Lehigh
University, submits the following:

Upon arriving I found my guide, a man of dignified appearance and stately mien, who introduced himself to me as Prof. Meyers. Under his guidance I proceeded to the large building upon the hill, called Packer Hall. Upon ascending a flight of stairs I was ushered into the Faculty room, in which were seated a most remarkable body of men, engaged in discussion. From some of the remarks, such as "Fire him out," "No, keep him and get some more deposits," etc. I judged that this august body were striving to

THE LEHIGH BURR

eliminate some objectionable character, but was meeting with some opposition. My time being limited, I did not remain longer, but was guided through the rest of the building. In some rooms the students were doing mathematics, as I was informed, drawing peculiar curves and writing equations, while above the subdued murmur at times rose a harsh and strident voice rebuking some one. On the lower floor I came to a drawing room, in which a body of students were engaged in deep discussion. Upon inquiry, Prof. Meyers informed me that these were Civil Engineers discussing how much harder their course was than any other.

I next went to the Chemical Laboratory, and upon entering experienced a sense of being strangled, while an odor beyond the power of mortal mind to name assailed my nostrils. On the lower floor the students were blowing through nickel-plated tubes. This blast directed a flame against the operator's thumb. Each man held a block of some black material tightly clenched in his hand, I presume to alleviate the pain. I was not informed as to the object of these researches, but would judge that it was the power of mind over matter.

Upon the next floor I saw a group of students busily engaged in taking notes. Most of them had a look of heavenly resignation on their countenances. Upon the board I perceived the following notice:

“Kzybachy's Electric Furnace. Ref. Proc. Am. Inst. Min. Eng.
Vol. XXXV. pp. 1086-1897. A full discussion and slag diagrams to
be placed in notebooks.”

Prof. Meyers informed me that the young men were undergoing a metallurgy lecture.

In the other rooms the students were mixing solutions and boiling them. They would then smell the contents of the glasses, grow red in the face and utter strange sounds, suggestive of wrath and indignation. I noticed two men resembling animated corpses roaming about slowly and indolently. I was informed that this was the Quantitative Laboratory.

The air being too oppressive, I was forced to retire, and Prof. Meyers suggested that we go to Williams Hall. Here I saw many interesting sights. In one room a tall man with a beard was discussing barney pits and coal tipples. His audience consisted of a dozen or more men, reclining in various postures and the majority asleep. I was informed that these were the Mining Engineers. In another room a man with a high voice was lecturing on what sounded like “the thermodynamical elucidation of the reheating receiver” to a gang of men with expressions of hopeless idiocy. The upper floors were occupied by rooms where the students were drawing small steel instruments over the surface of paper.

We next proceeded to the Physical Laboratory. On the lower floor were two large rooms in which the students were sitting, watching machinery. On my inquiring from two of them who were watching a machine labeled “Shunt-Wound Generator,” I discovered that they were “waiting for the d— thing to build up.” Upon ascending the stairs we came to a large lecture room, in which a man was trying to amuse a large number of students by various contortions. I was informed that this was called a Physics lecture. Upon my remarking to Prof. Meyers that it was extremely generous of the Faculty to allow an hour of recreation to the students after their hard day's labor he appeared to be amused, but said nothing.

As my time was gone I was obliged to leave, and did so after warmly thanking Prof. Myers for his courtesy.

Respectfully submitted,

ROMEO X. LOTHARIO.

THE LEHIGH BURR



LEHIGH UNIVERSITY FIRE DEPARTMENT.

HORRIBLE CRIME.

Supply Bureau Broken Into at
2.15 A.M.

University's Entire Supply of Chocolate
Stolen, Leading to Anarchy and
Bloodshed.

Full Details of Crime and Final Solution of
the Mystery as told by John R. Doe '08.
Our Clever Young Reporter.

Dr. Thornburg was just handing me the 200 plunks from the Wilbur. I awoke with a start. Realizing at once that danger threatened the University I leaped to the window. Ha! 'T was as I thought. From behind the southwest corner of Saucon Hall stole two long low rakish-rigged forms. Trembling with suspense, I saw the foremost figure draw from beneath his coat a glittering apparatus. Inch by inch he crept upon the shrinking Supply Bureau. Choked with horror, I followed every movement. There was a sibilant hiss. A flash of light. A deafening explosion, see! They are upon it! The chocolate! The precious chocolate! I reeled and knew no more.

* * * * *

8.30 A. M.—Hark! What mean those savage cries? I shook off my stupor and struggled to my feet. Before me, a crazed mob of students surged about the Supply Bureau. Curses rent the air. "Chocolate! give us our chocolate!" came in hoarse accents from every throat. Suddenly a hush fell upon the crowd. Leaning over the edge of the roof, clinging to the fire escape, appeared the Lord High Manager, Timmy Ambrosia Hegonia Mahony. "Ai! Ai!!" I heard him sob despairingly, "we have been pilfered. The chocolate is gone but we still have the bills—" His words were drowned in an angry roar from the frenzied mob. "Death to the despoilers!" they shrieked, rushing upon the ancient ruin. Seven Supply Bureau directors fainted. "The Allentown police" some one shouted. "Let loose the Allentown

police." The cry was taken up and a wild stampede for the cars ensued.

* * * * *

4 P. M.—Have just returned from Allentown. It was absolutely impossible to get a piece of chocolate anywhere. A mysterious shortage has occurred at the Peter's foundry and the merchants of the Lehigh Valley have determined to hold on to their supply until the market turns. Reports from Easton say Lafayette students are armed to the teeth and determined to die before their supply of chocolate is taken. Who could conceive of such a gigantic financial *coup de pomme de terre*? The entire Supply Bureau Trust has been impeached by the indignant students. Wild rioting has taken place during the day on the campus. Several directors were lynched and the rest escaped only by barricading themselves in Packer Hall where they are now standing siege. Anarchy prevails and the disintegration of the university is expected secondly. I *must* save the day. Clues! Give me clues.

* * * * *

5 P. M.—Victory! Saved! I have convincing proofs of the identity of the perpetrators of the crime. The Supply Bureau is saved. My first step was to search about the vicinity of the Supply Bureau. As I surmised, a gas cannon had been swiped and used to effect an entrance, blasting away the entire side of Xmas Hall. Slipping gingerly into the ruins, which trembled at every breeze, I took out my microscope, Merriman's "Roofs and Bridges," and set to work. The scene of devastation where once the sacred precincts of the Supply Bureau had been located was appalling. The safe in which the precious chocolate had reposed was smashed evidently by some powerful blow. Bending over it, I discovered the imprints of teeth on its door. I at once took a wax impression of the marks and discovered still further particles of "Polar Bear" cut plug clinging to the dents. Directly above it at a distance of 5½ inches a strand of lank, gray hair was entangled on a splinter

and with it a *tuft of gray felt*. In a frenzy of astuteness I integrated rapidly and concluded the distance from teeth marks to the hair was exactly the same as the length of a human face. The felt was undoubtedly from the miscreant's hat. Many men about the place wore gray felt hats but—*not* gray lanky hair.

I turned to look for more clues, tripped and fell prone upon the gas cannon. As I bit the dust, what was my amazement to hear a small well high indistinct murmuring. I peered on all sides and found it proceeded from the receptacle for generating the gas. Approaching nearer, to my utter consternation the murmur was resolved into the echo of two voices, still clinging to the resonator formed by the tin lined sides. The dominant one had a raucous twang. The last words uttered by the villains were to be the witnesses that would condemn them.

Instinct at once told me, the raucous voice belonged to the other clues. Using formula 25 (Franklin's Physics, Light and Sound, Vol. III). I found the vibration of the tone was 630. I had the scoundrel at my mercy. Lanky gray hair; a powerful jaw; gray felt hat and a raucous 630 vibrations per second voice—Suddenly it dawned upon me. Buck!!!

I sprang to my feet eager to apprehend him, then stopped. There was a companion as shown by the second tone. Evidently Buck had an accomplice. But who was he? Evidently a man of as superb a nerve as Buck for neither had feared the noise of the gas cannon in betraying them. I scratched my head and gazing meditatively upon the floor discovered foot prints, too small for Buck. How fortunate it was that the Supply Bureau was never cleaned. The marks led to the door in a steady, well impressed trail. My foot rule told me the steps measured three feet. A pompous, self-satisfied strut it was, just like the stride of a "Sonse Besselhem" cop. A cop was out of question. Who was the man?

My suspicions ran over the other minions of the University. Birds of a feather flock

together and Buck was a haughty boss—Ah, a boss! Billy Burkhart. Quick as lightning the truth flashed upon me. Finding that running the athletic field and selling athletic goods was too slow a road to fortune, Billy had determined to corner the market in chocolate. The Supply Bureau was available for his dastardly scheme and he had determined to ruin it at any cost. But Buck—why had he been in the game? Why hadn't Billy done the work himself—then it struck me. I laughed to think of Billy working at anything. He had, as always, gotten someone else to do it. There it was in a nut shell. Billy furnished the brains, Buck, the brute force. The mystery was solved.

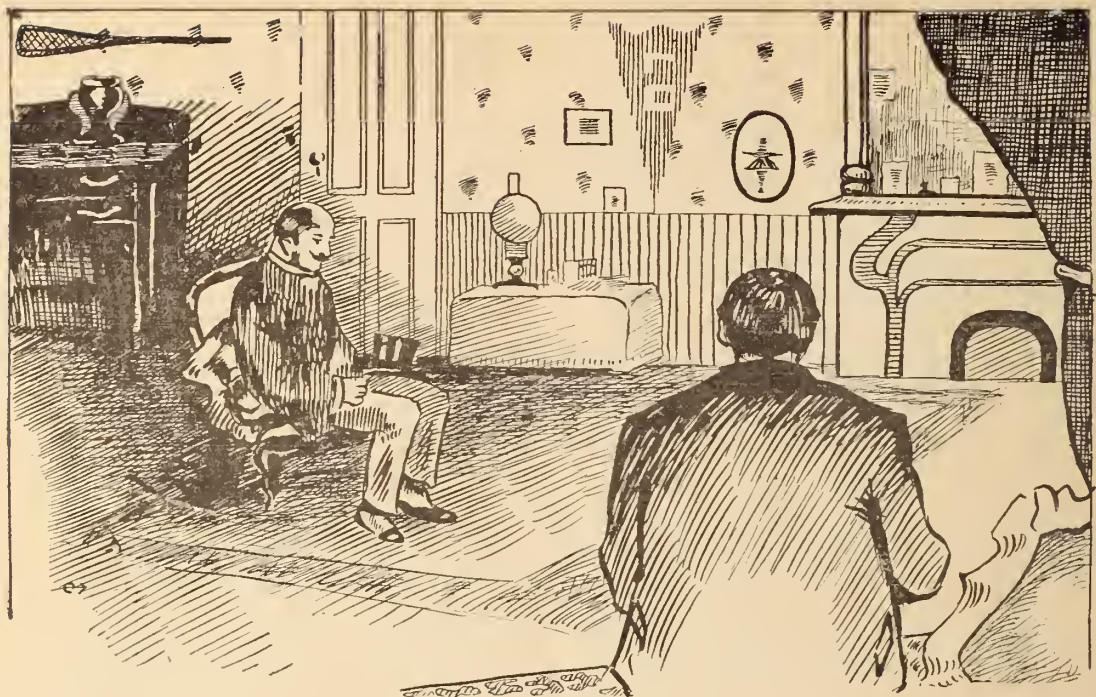
* * * *

11 P.M.—Having discovered this much, I immediately posted the news on the Math. Dept. bulletin board. A hue was raised at once. The beseigers at Packer Hall led by the Allentown Police, Chess Club and Mns-tard and Cheese at once gave chase. Exclusive details concerning the apprehension, trial and punishment of the culprits will be published in our next issue.

John R. Doe, '08.



The Senior's Farewell to the College Widow.



The Father: "Son, this College education of yours is becoming very expensive."

The Son: "But, Father, I study as little as possible."



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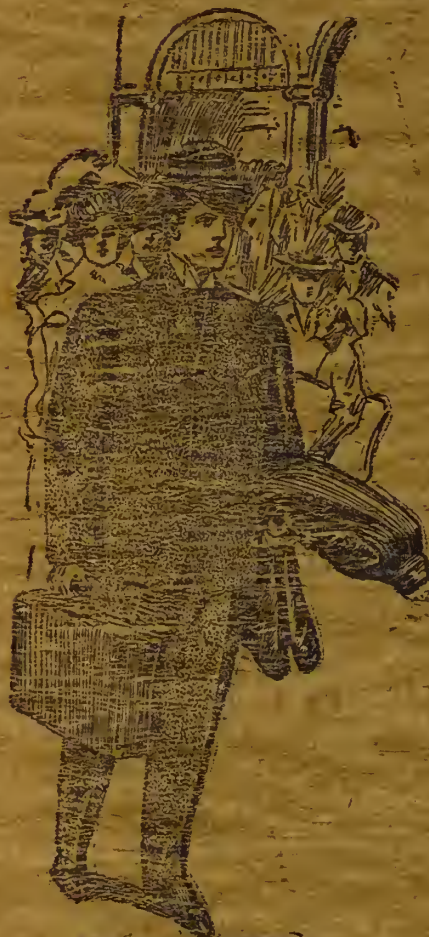
Capital,	-	-	-	\$500,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits,				480,000.

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